

FIRESIDE POEMS

VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON

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Selected by,
VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON
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LOIS LENSKI



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TO THE GLASERS,
NANCY
AND
SHIRLEY,
AND TO THE NORTONS,
VIRGINIA, JOAN, BILLY AND BOBBIE,
ALL VERY GOOD FRIENDS O' MINE

X 808.1

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cap. 4



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FIRESIDE POEMS



PRAYER FOR THIS HOUSE

May nothing evil cross this door,
And may ill-fortune never pry
About these windows; may the roar
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith, the rafters will
Withstand the battering of the storm.
This hearth, though all the world grow chill,
Will keep you warm.

Peace shall walk softly through these rooms,
Touching your lips with holy wine,
Till every casual corner blooms
Into a shrine.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout
And, though the sheltering walls are thin,
May they be strong to keep hate out
And hold love in.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER



BELLS IN THE COUNTRY

Bells in the country,
They sing the heart to rest
When night is on the high road
And day is in the west.
And once they came to my house
As soft as beggars shod,
And brought it nearer heaven,
And maybe nearer God.

ROBERT NATHAN



THE GOLDFINCHES

We are much honoured by your choice,
O golden birds of silver voice,
That in our garden you should find
A pleasaunce to your mind—

The painted pear of all our trees,
The south slope towards the gooseberries
Where all day long the sun is warm—
Combining use with charm.

Did the pink tulips take your eye?
Or Breach's barn secure and high
To guard you from some chance mishap
Of gales through Shoreham gap?

First you were spied a fighting pair
Flashing and fluting here and there,



Until in stealth the nest was made
And graciously you stayed.

Now when I pause beneath your tree
An anxious head peeps down at me,
A crimson jewel in its crown,
I looking up, you down:—

I wonder if my stripey shawl
Seems pleasant in your eyes at all,
I can assure you that your wings
Are most delightful things.

Sweet birds, I pray, be not severe,
Do not deplore our presence here,
We cannot all be goldfinches
In such a world as this.

The shaded lawn, the bordered flowers,
We'll call them yours instead of ours,
The pinks and the acacia tree
Shall own your sovereignty.

And, if you let us, we will prove
Our lowly and obsequious love,
And when your little grey-pates hatch
We'll help you to keep watch.

No prowling stranger cats shall come
About your high celestial home,



With dangerous sounds we'll chase them hence
And ask no recompense.

And he, the Ethiopie of our house,
Slayer of beetle and of mouse,
Huge, lazy, fond, whom we love well—
Peter shall wear a bell.

Believe me, birds, you need not fear,
No cages or limed twigs are here,
We only ask to live with you
In this green garden, too.

And when in other shining summers
Our place is taken by new-comers,
We'll leave them with the house and hill
The goldfinches' good will.

Your dainty flights, your painted coats,
The silver mist that is your notes,
And all your sweet caressing ways
Shall decorate their days.

And never will the thought of spring
Visit our minds, but a gold wing
Will flash among the green and blue,
And we'll remember you.

SYLVIA LYND

HAREBELLS

The harebells shaking out their blue
With every wind that passes
Are running up the little hill
And in and out the grasses.

They have friends: the golden rod,
The shooting star, and aster—
They ALL are running up the hill
Only some go faster.

For harebells, blue harebells,
The sweet and windy hearted,
Are up and down the other side
Before the rest have started!

DOROTHY ALDIS



COMPARISON

Apple blossoms look like snow,
They're different, though.
Snow falls softly, but it brings
Noisy things!
Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,
Cosy nights.
But apple blossoms when they go,
White and slow,
Quiet all the orchard space,
Till the place
Hushed with falling sweetness seems
Filled with dreams.

JOHN FARRAR



THE EXTRAORDINARY DOG

When mother takes me calling
I say, "Oh, please and please
Let's visit with the folks who own
The funny Pekinese!"

I walk around him softly
Upon my tipsey-toes;
He sits so queer and solemn there,
So scornful in the nose.

I wonder very often:
Suppose I gave a sneeze,
A loud "Kerchoo!"—what would he do,
The pompous Pekinese?

NANCY BYRD TURNER



THE ORDINARY DOG

When brother takes me walking
I cry, "Oh, hip, hooray!"
We're sure to see the jolly pup
That joins us every day!

His ears are raggy-shaggy;
His coat's a dusty brown;
He meets me like a cannon ball
And nearly knocks me down.

He tells me all his secrets,
With joyful jumpings-up.
I wish the pompous Pekinese
Could know the Jolly Pup!

NANCY BYRD TURNER





YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years;
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue
 between,
And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely
 place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved her little
 hand;
But I could only stare and stare—oh, would she understand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered
 by—
And down into the Street she looked and up into the sky;
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, altho' I looked all day;
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to stay:

But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck for me,
That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be there to see!

ROSE FYLEMAN



MEG MERRILIES

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom;
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees—



Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long ago!—

JOHN KEATS



CHANTICLEER

Of all the birds from East to West
That tuneful are and dear,
I love that farmyard bird the best,
They call him Chanticleer.

*Gold plume and copper plume,
Comb of scarlet gay;
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,
And whistles back the day!*

He is the sun's brave herald
That, ringing his blithe horn,
Calls round a world dew-pearled
The heavenly airs of morn.

O clear gold, shrill and bold!
He calls through creeping mist



The mountains from the night and cold
To rose and amethyst.

He sets the birds to singing,
And calls the flowers to rise;
The morning cometh, bringing
Sweet sleep to heavy eyes.

*Gold plume and silver plume,
Comb of coral gay;
'Tis he packs off the night and gloom,
And summons home the day!*

Black fear he sends it flying,
Black care he drives afar;
And creeping shadows sighing
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest
Have dear and pleasant cheer,
But yet I hold the rarest
The farmyard Chanticleer.

*Red cock or black cock,
Gold cock or white,
The flower of all the feathered flock,
He whistles back the light!*

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON



A CHANTED CALENDAR

First came the primrose,
On the bank high,
Like a maiden looking forth
From the window of a tower
When the battle rolls below,
So looked she,
And saw the storms go by.

Then came the wind-flower
In the valley left behind,
As a wounded maiden, pale
With purple streaks of woe,
When the battle has rolled by
Wanders to and fro
So tottered she,
Dishevelled in the wind.

Then came the daisies,
On the first of May
Like a bannered show's advance

While the crowd runs by the way,
With ten thousand flowers about them they
came trooping through the fields.
As a happy people come,
So came they,
As a happy people come
When the war has rolled away,
With dance and tabor, pipe and drum,
And all make holiday.

Then came the cowslip,
Like a dancer in the fair,
She spread her little mat of green,
And on it danced she.
With a fillet bound about her brow,
A fillet round her happy brow,
A golden fillet round her brow,
And rubies in her hair.

SYDNEY DOBELL





THE LITTLE CARVED BOWL

I always wanted
A little carved bowl
With grapes around the edges
And gilt on the whole
And a daffodil garden
And a singing soul;

I wanted gold rings
And a satin dress
And a friend who knew
What no other could guess
And a very great
Gold happiness. . . .

I never have had
The satin gown
And no gold happiness



Ever came down
To be my shelter
And my shining crown,

Nor a daffodil garden
Nor a singing soul
Nor ever a friend
Who knew me whole
But today someone gave me
A little carved bowl.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

(From *The Tempest*)

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



THE SNOW

It sifts from leaden sieves,
It powders all the wood,
It fills with alabaster wool
The wrinkles of the road.

It makes an even face
Of mountain and of plain,—
Unbroken forehead from the east
Unto the east again.

It reaches to the fence,
It wraps it, rail by rail,
Till it is lost in fleeces;
It flings a crystal veil

On stump and stack and stem,—
The summer's empty room,



Acres of seams where harvests were,
Recordless, but for them.

It ruffles wrists of posts,
As ankles of a queen,—
Then stills its artisans like ghosts,
Denying they have been.

EMILY DICKINSON

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, has washed her lace
(She chose a summer's day)
And hung it in a grassy place
To whiten, if it may.

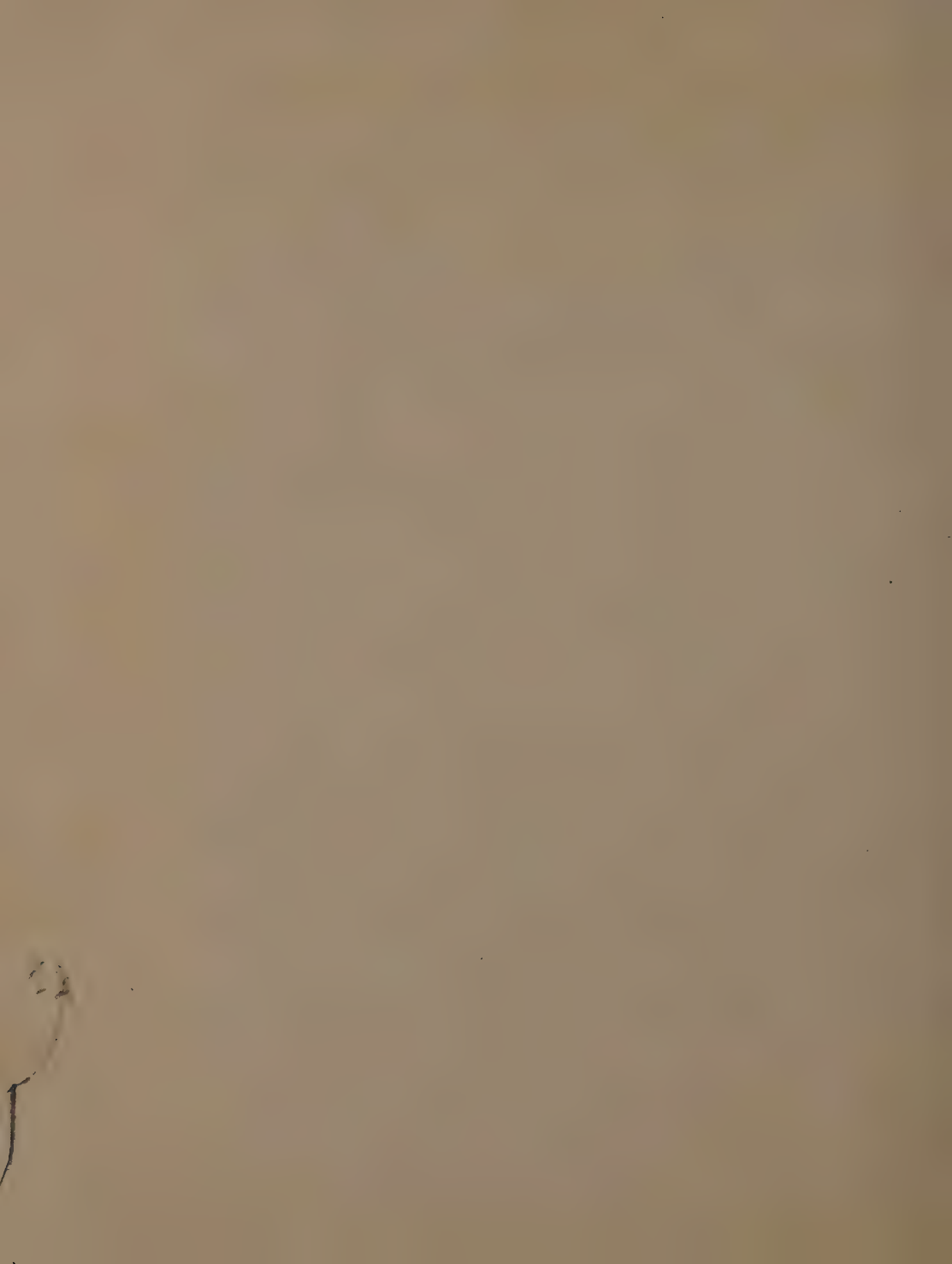
Queen Anne, Queen Anne, has left it there,
And slept the dewy night;
Then waked, to find the sunshine fair,
And all the meadows white.

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, is dead and gone
(She died a summer's day),
But left her lace to whiten on
Each weed-entangled way!

MARY LESLIE NEWTON



Queen Anne's Lace





FOOLISH FLOWERS

We've Foxgloves in our garden;
How careless they must be
To leave their gloves out hanging
Where every one can see!

And Bachelors leave their Buttons
In the same careless way,
If I should do the same with mine,
What would my Mother say?

We've lots of Larkspurs in the yard—
Larks only fly and sing—
Birds surely don't need spurs because
They don't ride anything!

And as for Johnny-Jump-Ups—
I saw a hornet light

On one of them the other day,
He didn't jump a mite!
RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

THE TIGER

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?
And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?
What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?
When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE



AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,

And the mavis sings its story

In the spring



Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,

Crumpled petals baby white,

Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,

And the silver brooklets brawling,

And the cuckoo bird soft calling,

In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,

In the spring,

Half the colour, beauty, wonder of the spring,

No sweet sight can I remember

Half so precious, half so tender,

As the apple blossoms render

In the spring.

WILLIAM MARTIN



THE JUMBLIES

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;
In a sieve they went to sea;
In spite of all their friends could say,
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a sieve they went to sea.
And when the sieve turned round and round,
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;
But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumbles live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue:
And they went to sea in a sieve.



They sailed away in a sieve, they did,
In a sieve they sailed so fast,
With only a beautiful pea-green veil
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.
And every one said who saw them go,
“Oh! won’t they be soon upset, you know?
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;
And, happen what may, it’s extremely wrong
In a sieve to sail so fast.”

The water it soon came in, it did;
The water it soon came in:
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet
In a pinky paper all folded neat:
And they fastened it down with a pin.
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;
And each of them said, “How wise we are!
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,
While round in our sieve we spin.”

And all night long they sailed away;
And, when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown,



“O Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown.”

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—
To a land all covered with trees:
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,
And a hive of silvery bees;
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,
And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—
In twenty years or more;
And every one said, “How tall they’ve grown!
For they’ve been to the Lakes, and the Terrible
Zone,

And the hills of the Chankly Bore.”
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And every one said, “If we only live,
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,
To the hills of the Chankly Bore.”

Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:
Their heads are green, and their hands are
blue;
And they went to sea in a sieve.

EDWARD LEAR

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat and on us all. Amen.

ROBERT HERRICK





SPRING

Sound the flute!
Now it's mute.
Birds delight
Day and night;
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in sky,
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you,



Merry voice,
Infant noise,
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the
year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face:
Merrily, merrily, we welcome in the
year.

WILLIAM BLAKE

TWO SPARROWS

Two sparrows, feeding,
heard a thrush
sing to the dawn.
The first said "Tush!

"In all my life
I never heard a more affected
singing bird."

The second said
"It's you and me,
who slave to keep
the likes of he."

"And if we cared,"
both sparrows said,
"we'd do that singing
on our head."

The thrush pecked sideways,
and was dumb.
"And now," they screamed,
"he's pinched our crumb!"

HUMBERT WOLFE





TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray;
And in the evening lamps should shine,
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds;
And ere should wane the morning star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

WALTER DE LA MARE



JANE AND ELIZA

There were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain,
One's name was Eliza, the other's name was Jane:
They were both of one height, as I've heard people say,
And both of one age, I believe, to a day.

'Twas fancied by some who but slightly had seen them,
There was not a pin to be chosen between them;



But no one for long in this notion persisted,
So great a distinction there *really* existed.

Eliza knew well that she could not be pleasing,
While fretting and fuming, while sulking or teasing;
And therefore in company artfully tried,
Not to *break* her habits, but only to *hide*.

So, when she was out, with much labor and pain,
She contrived to look *almost* as pleasant as Jane;
But then you might see that, in forcing a smile,
Her mouth was uneasy, and ached all the while.

And in spite of her care it would sometimes befall
That some cross event happened to ruin it all;
And because it might chance that her share was the worst,
Her temper broke loose, and her dimples dispersed.

But Jane, who had nothing she wanted to hide,
And therefore these troublesome arts never tried,
Had none of the care and fatigue of concealing,
But her face always showed what her bosom was feeling.

At home or abroad there was peace in her smile,
A cheerful good nature that needed no guile.
And Eliza worked hard, but could never obtain
The affection that freely was given to Jane.

ANN TAYLOR



A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon the curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.



And right and left, and round about,
And up and down and in and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

(From the German of Chamisso)

KEEPSAKE MILL

Over the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the notes of the birds on the hill;

Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, today,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home ;
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,
Turning and churning that river to foam.

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



The Lamplighter



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

(A Child's Story)

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

II

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.



III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
“’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy;
And as for our Corporation,—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you’re old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking,
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council,—
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain,—
I’m sure my poor head aches again,
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!”

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check,
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;



I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,—
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,



Cocking tails and pricking whiskers;
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard the sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe,—
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ‘Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!’
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,



Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'—
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! the Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council-dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!



“Beside,” quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

X

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait! beside,
I’ve promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor;
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”



XI

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!”

XII

Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering;
And like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running:
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.



XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed;
And when all were in, to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,



And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can’t forget that I am bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed, and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!”

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher’s pate

A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor,
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,



And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

ROBERT BROWNING



LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE *

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs
away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch; an' dust the hearth, an'
sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-
an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper-things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you /

Q Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

* From *Rhymes of Childhood*, by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1890 and 1928. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy heerd him
bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wuzn't there at
all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an'
press,

An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' ever'wheres, I
guess;

But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an' roundabout—
An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!



An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' wunst, when they wuz "company," an' ole folks wuz
there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They wuz two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
what she's about!

An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!



An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

~~~~~

You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs fond an' dear,  
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphants' tear,  
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

### THE TERRIBLE ROBBER MEN

O! I wish the sun was bright in the sky,

And the fox was back in his den, O!

For always I'm hearing the passing by

Of the terrible robber men, O!

The terrible robber men.

O! what does the fox carry over the rye

When it's bright in the morn again, O!

And what is it making the lonesome cry

With the terrible robber men, O!

The terrible robber men.

O! I wish the sun was bright in the sky,

And the fox was back in his den, O!

For always I'm hearing the passing by

Of the terrible robber men, O!

The terrible robber men.

PADRAIC COLUM



## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,—  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man  
Of whom the world might say  
That still a godly race he ran,—  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes:  
The naked every day he clad,—  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

---

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye:  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:—  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH





## GODFREY GORDON GUSTAVUS GORE

Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore—  
No doubt you have heard the name before—  
Was a boy who never would shut a door!

The wind might whistle, the wind might roar,  
And teeth be aching and throats be sore,  
But still he never would shut the door.

His father would beg, his mother implore,  
“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,  
We really *do* wish you would shut the door!”

Their hands they wrung, their hair they tore;  
But Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore  
Was deaf as the buoy out at the Nore.

When he walked forth the folks would roar,  
“Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore,  
Why don’t you think to shut the door?”

They rigged out a Shutter with sail and oar,  
And threatened to pack off Gustavus Gore  
On a voyage of penance to Singapore.

But he begged for mercy, and said, “No more!  
Pray do not send me to Singapore  
On a Shutter, and then I will shut the door!”



Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore







“You will?” said his parents; “then keep on shore!  
But mind you do! For the plague is sore  
Of a fellow that never will shut the door,  
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore!”

WILLIAM B. RANDS

## UP, UP! YE DAMES AND LASSES GAY!

Up, up! ye dames and lasses gay!  
To the meadows trip away.  
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,  
And scare the small birds from the corn,  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shephèrds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house  
To the cricket and the mouse;  
Find grannam out a sunny seat,  
With babe and lambkin at her feet.  
Not a soul at home may stay:  
For the shepherds must go  
With lance and bow  
To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

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## THE KIND MOON

I think the moon is very kind  
To take such trouble just for me.  
He came along with me from home  
To keep me company.

He went as fast as I could run;  
I wonder how he crossed the sky?  
I'm sure he hasn't legs and feet  
Or any wings to fly.

Yet here he is above their roof:  
Perhaps he thinks it isn't right  
For me to go so far alone  
Though mother said I might.

SARA TEASDALE





## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

(From *Through the Looking-Glass*)

The sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,  
“To come and spoil the fun!”



The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand:  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
“If this were only cleared away,”  
They said, “It *would* be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,  
“That they could get it clear?”  
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”  
The Walrus did beseech.  
“A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each.”



The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said;  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.



“The time has come,” the Walrus said,  
“To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
Of cabbages—and kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,  
“Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
And all of us are fat!”  
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.  
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,  
“Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you’re ready, Oysters dear,  
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,  
Turning a little blue.  
“After such kindness, that would be  
A dismal thing to do!”  
“The night is fine,” the Walrus said.  
“Do you admire the view?”



“It was so kind of you to come!  
And you are very nice!”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“Cut us another slice.  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,  
“To play them such a trick,  
After we’ve brought them out so far,  
And made them trot so quick!”  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
“The butter’s spread too thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said:  
“I deeply sympathize.”  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size,  
Holding his pocket-handkerchief  
Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,  
“You’ve had a pleasant run!  
Shall we be trotting home again?”  
But answer came there none—  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
They’d eaten every one.

LEWIS CARROLL





## THE RAGGEDY MAN \*

O the Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little wobble-ly calf;  
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—  
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;

\* From *Rhymes of Childhood*, by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1890 and 1928. Used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do.—  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shook a' apple down fer me—  
An' nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
An' nother 'n', too, for the Raggedy Man.—  
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers the'rselves!  
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, 'er 'Lizabuth Ann!  
Er Ma, er Pa, er the Raggedy Man!  
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he  
Was makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,  
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,  
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—  
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"

An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—  
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

### FRINGED GENTIANs

Near where I live there is a lake  
As blue as blue can be; winds make  
It dance as they go blowing by.  
I think it curtseys to the sky.

It's just a lake of lovely flowers,  
And my Mamma says they are ours;  
But they are not like those we grow  
To be our very own, you know.

We have a splendid garden, there  
Are lots of flowers everywhere;  
Roses, and pinks, and four o'clocks,  
And hollyhocks, and evening stocks.

Mamma lets us pick them, but never  
Must we pick any gentians—ever!  
For if we carried them away  
They'd die of homesickness that day.

AMY LOWELL



## MATILDA

*Who Told Lies, and was Burned to Death*

Matilda told such Dreadful Lies,  
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes;  
Her Aunt, who, from Earliest Youth,  
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,  
Attempted to believe Matilda:  
The effort very nearly killed her,  
And would have done so, had not She  
Discovered this Infirmary.  
For once, towards the Close of Day,  
Matilda, growing tired of play,



And finding she was left alone,  
Went tiptoe to the Telephone  
And summoned the Immediate Aid  
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.  
Within an hour the Gallant Band  
Were pouring in on every hand,  
From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow  
With Courage high and Hearts a-glow  
They galloped, roaring through the Town,  
“Matilda's House is Burning Down!”  
Inspired by British Cheers and Loud  
Proceeding from the frenzied Crowd,  
They ran their Ladders through a Score  
Of Windows on the Ball Room Floor;  
And took Peculiar Pains to Souse  
The Pictures up and down the House,  
Until Matilda's Aunt succeeded  
In showing them they were not needed;  
And even then she had to Pay  
To get the Men to go Away!

. . . . .

It happened that a few Weeks later  
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre  
To see that Interesting Play  
*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*

She had refused to take her Niece  
To hear this Entertaining Piece:  
(A Deprivation Just and Wise  
To punish her for Telling Lies.)  
That Night a Fire *did* break out—  
You should have heard Matilda Shout!  
You should have heard her Scream and Bawl,  
And throw the window up and call  
To people passing in the Street—  
(The rapidly increasing Heat  
Encouraging her to obtain  
Their confidence)—but all In Vain!  
For every time She shouted “Fire!”  
They only answered “Little Liar!”  
And therefore when her Aunt returned,  
Matilda, and the House, were Burned.

HILAIRE BELLOC





## KRISS KRINGLE

Just as the moon was fading amid her misty rings,  
And every stocking was stuffed with childhood's precious  
things,  
Old Kriss Kringle looked around, and saw on the elm-tree  
bough,  
High-hung, an oriole's nest, silent and empty now.  
"Quite like a stocking," he laughed, "pinned up there on  
the tree!  
Little I thought the birds expected a present from me!"  
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves a joke as well as the best,  
Dropped a handful of flakes in the oriole's empty nest.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

## THE LILAC

Who thought of the lilac?  
"I," dew said.  
"I made up the lilac  
out of my head."  
  
"She made up the lilac!  
Pooh!" thrilled a linnet,  
and each dew-note had a  
lilac in it.

HUMBERT WOLFE





## THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

I wish I lived in a caravan  
With a horse to drive, like a peddler-man!  
Where he comes from nobody knows,  
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,  
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;  
He has a wife, with a baby brown,  
And they go riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!  
He clashes the basins like a bell;  
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,  
Plates, with alphabets round the border!

---

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,  
But his house is like a bathing-machine;  
The world is round, and he can ride,  
Rumble and slash, to the other side!

With a peddler-man I should like to roam,  
And write a book when I came home;  
All the people would read my book,  
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

WILLIAM B. RANDS

### WHITE BUTTERFLIES

Fly, white butterflies, out to sea,  
Frail, pale wings for the wind to try,  
Small white wings that we scarce can see,

Fly!

Some fly light as a laugh of glee,  
Some fly soft as a long, low sigh;  
All to the haven where each would be,

Fly!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE





## THE GOOD JOAN

Along the thousand roads of France,  
Now there, now here, swift as a glance,  
A cloud, a mist blown down the sky,  
*Good Joan of Arc goes riding by.*

In Domremy at candlelight,  
The orchards blowing rose and white  
About the shadowy houses lie;  
*And Joan of Arc goes riding by.*

On Avignon there falls a hush,  
Brief as the singing of a thrush  
Across old gardens April-high;  
*And Joan of Arc goes riding by.*



The women bring the apples in,  
Round Arles when the long gusts begin,  
Then sit them down to sob and cry;  
*And Joan of Arc goes riding by.*

Dim falls the hoofs down old Calais;  
In Tours a flash of silver-gray,  
Like flaw of rain in a clear sky;  
*And Joan of Arc goes riding by.*

Who saith that ancient France shall fail,  
A rotting leaf driv'n down the gale?  
Then her sons know not how to die;  
Then good God dwells no more on high!

Tours, Arles, and Domremy reply!  
*For Joan of Arc goes riding by.*

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

## THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



## THE SEA GYPSY

I am fevered with the sunset,  
I am fretful with the bay,  
For the wander-thirst is on me  
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,  
With her topsails shot with fire,  
And my heart has gone aboard her  
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!  
With the sunset I must be  
Hull down on the trail of rapture  
In the wonder of the Sea.

RICHARD HOVEY



## PORTRAIT BY A NEIGHBOR

Before she has her floor swept  
Or her dishes done,  
Any day you'll find her  
A-sunning in the sun!

It's long after midnight  
Her key's in the lock,  
And you never see her chimney smoke  
Till past ten o'clock!

She digs in her garden  
With a shovel and a spoon,  
She weeds her lazy lettuce  
By the light of the moon,

She walks up the walk  
Like a woman in a dream,  
She forgets she borrowed butter  
And pays you back cream!

Her lawn looks like a meadow,  
And if she mows the place  
She leaves the clover standing  
And the Queen Anne's lace!

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



*Portrait of a Neighbor*







## THE SPIRIT OF THE BIRCH

I am the dancer of the woods—  
I shimmer in the solitude;  
Men call me Birch Tree, yet I know  
In other days it was not so.  
I am a Dryad slim and white  
Who danced too long one summer night,  
And the Dawn found and prisoned me!  
Captive I moan my liberty.

But let the wood wind flutes begin  
Their elfin music, faint and thin,  
I sway, I bend, retreat, advance,  
And evermore—I dance! I dance!

ARTHUR KETCHUM

## A SEA SONG

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
A wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rustling sail,  
And bends the gallant mast;  
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,  
While, like the eagle free,  
Away the good ship flies, and leaves  
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!  
I heard a fair one cry;  
But give to me the snoring breeze  
And white waves heaving high;  
And white waves heaving high, my boys,  
The good ship tight and free—  
The world of waters is our home,  
The merry men are we.

There's a tempest in yon hornèd moon,  
And lightning in yon cloud;  
And hark the music, mariners!  
The wind is piping loud;  
The wind is piping loud, my boys,  
The lightning flashes free—  
While the hollow oak our palace is,  
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM





## LIE-AWAKE SONGS

### I

Often when awake I lie  
Listening to the clocks go round  
Hours and hours, I wonder why  
My brother sleeps so sound.

### II

The city is so kind to me;  
It stays awake for company—  
It never sleeps at all.  
Its lamps are always burning bright  
From when my mother says good-night  
Until the milkmen call.



The street is always full of wheels,  
Horse-carriages and aut'mobiles—  
The whole night long they pass,  
Carrying home to marble halls  
Princesses that have been to balls  
In little shoes of glass.  
Then there's the dog across the way—  
He must be dreaming of the day  
Or barking at a kitty—  
And people talking as they go. . . .  
I often wonder do they know  
That I'm awake and like them so,  
Or is it just—the City?

### III

God has a house three streets away,  
And every Sunday, rain or shine,  
My nurse goes there her prayers to say.  
She's told me of the candles fine  
That burning all night long they keep  
Because God never goes to sleep.  
Then there's a steeple full of bells;  
All through the dark the time it tells.  
I like to hear it in the night  
And think about those candles bright.  
I wonder if God stays awake

For kindness, like the furnace-man  
Who comes before it's day, to make  
Our house as pleasant as he can.  
I like to watch the sky grow blue  
And think perhaps the whole world through  
No one's awake but just us three,—  
God and the furnace-man and me.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR



## THE ECHOING GREEN

The sun doth arise  
And make happy the skies;  
The merry bells ring  
To welcome the spring;  
The skylark and thrush,  
The birds of the bush,  
Sing louder around  
To the bells' cheerful sound,



While our sports shall be seen  
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair  
Does laugh away care,  
Sitting under the oak  
Among the old folk.  
They laugh at our play  
And soon they all say:  
"Such, such, were the joys  
When we all, girls and boys,  
In our youth-time were seen  
On the echoing green."

Till, the little ones, weary,  
No more can be merry;  
The sun doth descend,  
And our sports have an end.  
Round the laps of their mothers,  
Many sisters and brothers,  
Like birds in their nest,  
Are ready for rest;  
And sport no more seen  
On the echoing green.

WILLIAM BLAKE





## THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:  
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,  
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,  
Alluring up and enticing down

From rippled water to dappled swamp,  
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,  
And the striding hart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;  
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood,  
A lyric touch of the solitude;

An open hand, an easy shoe,  
And a hope to make the day go through,—

Another to sleep with, and a third  
To wake me up at the voice of a bird;

The resonant, far-listening morn,  
And the hoarse whisper of the corn;



The crickets mourning their comrades lost,  
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;

(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,  
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,  
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,  
And a jug of cider on the board;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,  
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry;  
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,  
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,  
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,  
And full of the mellow juice of life,

. . . . .

No fidget and no reformer, just  
A calm observer of ought and must,



A lover of books, but a reader of man,  
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,  
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—

Seeing it good as when God first saw  
And gave it the weight of his will for law.

And O the joy that is never won,  
But follows and follows the journeying sun,

By marsh and tide, by meadow and stream,  
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,  
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,  
A dare, a bliss, and a desire!

The racy smell of the forest loam,  
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go home;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,  
Of the mould and the sun and the wind and the dew!)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon;  
The silent fleck of the cold new moon;

The sound of the hollow sea's release  
From the stormy tumult to starry peace;  
With only another league to wend;  
And two brown arms at the journey's end!  
These are the joys of the open road—  
For him who travels without a load.

BLISS CARMAN



### WILLY WINKIE

*Wee Willy Winkie,  
Runs through the town,  
Upstairs and downstairs  
In his night-gown,  
Tapping at the window,  
Peeping at the lock:—  
“Are all the babies gone to bed?  
It's now ten o'clock!”*



Then when noises all are still,  
Lamps all burn low,  
Bolted doors and windows creak,  
Open—and tiptoe,  
With his lanthorn and his staff,  
Grimly night-gowned,  
Like a watchman of the Night  
Winkie goes his round.

For of all the Angel guard,  
Time out of mind,  
He it is hath had in charge  
All Baby-kind,  
From the mud-lark, fast asleep  
On bare curbstone,  
To the puppet, plump and pink,  
Heir to the throne.

So when steeple clocks have tolled  
Sleep-time at hand,  
When mammas and nurses rub  
Eyes full of sand:  
Silver rattles all are hushed,  
Pink lids all furled,  
Winkie comes to oversee  
His little world.



Ay! but there is much to do  
For boys and girls:  
Wee bald heads to trim with floss,  
Empty mouths with pearls,  
Little pudding legs to mould  
Into human shapes;  
General repairs besides:  
Scratches and scrapes.

There is much to teach likewise  
To girls and boys,  
How to caterwaul for pins,  
And crow for toys,  
How to clutch the pleasant beards  
Coming too close,  
How to neatly cram the mouth  
With fists and toes.

Then reports to be received  
From baby friends,  
Litter'd all about the place  
In odds and ends,  
Rattles, rings and rag-dolls  
Cast on the shelves,  
Shoes and socks, that sulk because  
Left to themselves.

Then if he make up his mind  
From what they tell,  
Baby, where its lines have fall'n,  
Isn't faring well,  
Presto! Wee wee Winkie  
Bends o'er the bed,  
Picks up Baby, and away! . . .  
Some think it dead:

But the sly old watchman  
Winkie knows best,  
He has made for some bleak home  
With no baby bless'd,  
There he lays his charge to sleep,  
And with the morn,  
There is much to-do about  
Baby, New-born.

Upstairs and down, he goes  
In his night-gown,  
Till the Day comes peeping  
Into the town;  
Then he throws all shutters wide,  
Lets down the bars. . . .  
Goodnight, Watchman! Off he flies  
To blow out the stars.

DANIEL HENRY HOLMES





## I WANDERED LONELY

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:  
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



## THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;  
She guards them from the steep.  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

## TULIP

Clean as a lady  
cool as glass  
fresh without fragrance  
the tulip was.

The craftsman who carved her  
of metal prayed  
“Live, oh thou lovely:”  
Half-metal she stayed.

HUMBERT WOLFE





### UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

*Yes, to the very end.*

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

*From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place?

*A roof for when the slow dark hours begin?*

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

*You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

*Those who have gone before.*

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

*They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

*Of labor you shall find the sum.*

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

*Yea, beds for all who come.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



## THE VIOLET

Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew;  
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,  
Its color bright and fair;  
It might have graced a rosy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,  
In modest tints arrayed;  
And there diffused a sweet perfume,  
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may also learn to grow  
In sweet humility.

JANE TAYLOR

## THE YAK

As a friend to the children commend me the Yak.  
You will find it exactly the thing:

It will carry and fetch, you can ride on its back,  
Or lead it about with a string.

The Tartar who dwells on the plains of Thibet  
(A desolate region of snow)  
Has for centuries made it a nursery pet,  
And surely the Tartar should know!

Then tell your papa where the Yak can be got,  
And if he is awfully rich  
He will buy you the creature—or else he will not.  
(I cannot be positive which.)

HILAIRE BELLOC



### A SONG OF THE ROAD

The gauger walked with willing foot,  
And aye the gauger played the flute;  
But what should Master Gauger play  
But *Over the hills and far away?*



Whene'er I buckle on my pack  
And foot it gaily in the track,  
O pleasant gauger, long since dead,  
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—  
The self-same air for me you play;  
For I do think and so do you  
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face  
To go to this or t'other place?  
There's nothing under Heaven so blue  
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every land the roads begin,  
And people walk with zeal therein;  
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,  
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

Then follow you, wherever hie  
The travelling mountains of the sky.  
Or let the streams in civil mode  
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,  
Will lead you where you wish to go;



And one and all go night and day  
*Over the hills and far away!*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth!  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,  
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

Farewell to the mountains high-covered with snow,  
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,  
A-chasing the wild deer and following the roe—  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

ROBERT BURNS



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## YOUNG AND OLD

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green;  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen;  
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away;  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown;  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down;  
Creep home, and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among:  
God grant you find one face there,  
You loved when all was young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY





## WRITTEN IN MARCH

The Cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon



There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### THE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through  
my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it; and terror on the wind:  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their  
way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;  
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in  
spray,  
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my  
soul.

EVA GORE-BOOTH



## SONG FOR A LITTLE HOUSE

I'm glad our house is a little house,  
Not too tall nor too wide:  
I'm glad the hovering butterflies  
Feel free to come inside.

Our little house is a friendly house,  
It is not shy or vain;  
It gossips with the talking trees,  
And makes friends with the rain.

And quick leaves cast a shimmer of green  
Against our whited walls,  
And in the phlox, the courteous bees  
Are paying duty calls.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



## HE THOUGHT HE SAW

(From *Sylvie and Bruno*)

He thought he saw a Buffalo  
Upon the chimney-piece:  
He looked again and found it was  
His Sister's Husband's Niece.  
"Unless you leave this house," he said,  
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek:  
He looked again, and found it was  
The Middle of Next Week.  
"The one thing I regret," he said,  
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk  
Descending from the 'bus:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Hippopotamus.  
"If this should stay to dine," he said,  
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo  
That worked a coffee-mill:  
He looked again, and found it was

A Vegetable-Pill.

"Were I to swallow this," he said,  
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four

That stood beside his bed:

He looked again, and found it was

A Bear without a Head.

"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!

It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross

That fluttered round the lamp:

He looked again, and found it was

A Penny-Postage-Stamp.

"You'd best be getting home," he said:

"The nights are very damp!"

LEWIS CARROLL





## GEORGE

*Who played with a Dangerous Toy, and suffered a  
Catastrophe of Considerable Dimensions*

When George's Grandmamma was told  
That George had been as Good as Gold,  
She Promised in the Afternoon  
To buy him an *Immense* Balloon.  
And so she did; but when It came,  
It got into the candle flame,  
And being of a dangerous sort  
Exploded with a Loud Report!  
The Lights went out! The Windows broke!  
The Room was filled with Reeking Smoke.  
And in the darkness Shrieks and Yells  
Were mingled with Electric Bells,  
And falling Masonry and Groans  
And crunching, as of broken bones,  
And dreadful Shrieks, when, worst of all,  
The House itself began to fall!  
It tottered, shuddering to and fro,  
Then crashed into the street below—  
Which happened to be Savile Row.

. . . . .

When Help arrived, among the Dead  
Were Cousin Mary, Little Fred,

The Footmen (both of them), the Groom,  
The Man that cleaned the Billiard-Room,  
The Chaplain, and the Still-Room Maid.  
And I am dreadfully afraid  
That Monsieur Champignon, the Chef,  
Will now be permanently deaf—  
And both his Aides are much the same;  
While George, who was in part to blame,  
Received, you will regret to hear,  
A nasty lump behind his ear.

*Moral*

The Moral is that little Boys  
Should not be given Dangerous Toys.

HILAIRE BELLOC







## THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE

Across the places deep and dim,  
And places brown and bare,  
It reaches to the planet's rim—  
The Road to Anywhere.

Now east is east, and west is west,  
But north lies in between,  
And he is blest whose feet have pressed  
The road that's cool and green.

The road of roads for them that dare  
The lightest whim obey,  
To follow where the moose or bear  
Has brushed his headlong way.

The secrets that these tangles house  
Are step by step revealed,



While, to the sun, the grass and boughs  
A store of odors yield.

More sweet these odors in the sun  
Than swim in chemists' jars;  
And when the fragrant day is done,  
Night—and a shoal of stars.

Oh, east is east, and west is west,  
But north lies full and fair;  
And blest is he who follows free  
The Road to Anywhere.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

*(A Hindoo Fable)*

It was six men of Indostan  
To learning much inclined,  
Who went to see the Elephant  
(Though all of them were blind),  
That each by observation  
Might satisfy his mind.

The *First* approached the Elephant,  
And happening to fall  
Against his broad and sturdy side,



At once began to bawl:  
"God bless me! but the Elephant  
Is very like a wall!"

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,  
Cried, "Ho! what have we here  
So very round and smooth and sharp?  
To me 'tis mighty clear  
This wonder of an Elephant  
Is very like a spear!"

The *Third* approached the animal,  
And happening to take  
The squirming trunk within his hands,  
Thus boldly up and spake:  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a snake!"

The *Fourth* reached out an eager hand,  
And felt about the knee.  
"What most this wondrous beast is like  
Is mighty plain," quoth he;  
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant  
Is very like a tree!"

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,  
Said: "E'en the blindest man  
Can tell what this resembles most;



Deny the fact who can,  
This marvel of an Elephant  
Is very like a fan!"

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun  
About the beast to grope,  
Than, seizing on the swinging tail  
That fell within his scope,  
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant  
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan  
Disputed loud and long,  
Each in his own opinion  
Exceeding stiff and strong,  
Though each was partly in the right,  
And all were in the wrong.

*Moral*

So oft in theologic wars,  
The disputants, I ween,  
Rail on in utter ignorance  
Of what the others mean,  
*And prate about an Elephant*  
*Not one of them has seen!*

JOHN GODFREY SAXE



JACK FROST

The door was shut, as doors should be,  
Before you went to bed last night;  
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,  
And left your window silver white.



He must have waited till you slept;  
And not a single word he spoke,  
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept  
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills  
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;  
But there are fairer things than these  
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;  
Hills and dales, and streams and fields;  
And knights in armor riding by,  
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there  
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;  
And yonder, palm trees waving fair  
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;  
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;  
And fruit and flowers and all the things  
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath  
The door when all the lights are out,  
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,  
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane  
In fairy lines with frozen steam;  
And when you wake you see again  
The lovely things you saw in dream.

GABRIEL SETOUN

## REQUIEM

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie:  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he long'd to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON





## BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever.



Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

### I

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

### II

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew,  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING



## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

### PART I

On either side the river lie  
Long fields of barley and of rye,  
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
And through the field the road runs by  
    To many-towered Camelot;  
And up and down the people go,  
Gazing where the lilies blow  
Round an island there below,  
    The island of Shalott.

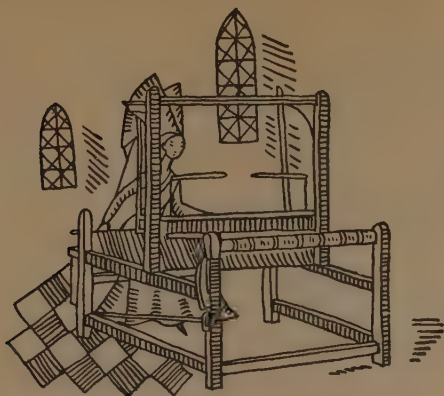
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver



Through the wave that runs for ever  
By the island in the river  
    Flowing down to Camelot.  
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle embowers  
    The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
Slide the heavy barges trailed  
By slow horses; and unhailed  
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed  
    Skimming down to Camelot:  
But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
Or at the casement seen her stand?  
Or is she known in all the land,  
    The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
In among the bearded barley,  
Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
From the river winding clearly,  
    Down to towered Camelot:  
And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
    Lady of Shalott."



## PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay

To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear—  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.



There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddy whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market-girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,  
Goes by towered Camelot;  
And sometimes through the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two;  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often through the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
And music, went to Camelot!  
Or when the moon was overhead,  
Came two young lovers lately wed;  
"I am half sick of shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott.



### PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
The sun came dazzling through the leaves  
And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
Of bold Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneeled  
To a lady in his shield,  
That sparkled on the yellow field,  
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,  
Like to some branch of stars we see  
Hung in the golden Galaxy.



The bridle bells rang merrily  
As he rode down to Camelot;  
And from his blazoned baldric slung  
A mighty silver bugle hung,  
And as he rode his armor rung,  
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,  
The helmet and the helmet-feather  
Burned like one burning flame together,  
As he rode down to Camelot;  
As often through the purple night,  
Below the starry clusters bright,  
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;  
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;  
From underneath his helmet flowed  
His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
As he rode down to Camelot.  
From the bank and from the river  
He flashed into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

---

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces through the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
    She looked down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror cracked from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me!" cried  
    The Lady of Shalott.



#### PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining





Over towered Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seër in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Through the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot:  
And as the boat-head wound along  
The willowy hills and fields among,  
They heard her singing her last song,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,



Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
Turned to towered Camelot;  
For ere she reached upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
Silent into Camelot.  
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear,  
All the knights at Camelot:  
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in His mercy lend her grace,  
The Lady of Shalott."

ALFRED TENNYSON



### A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower,  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown,  
Like a poppy looking down.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree.  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under shady oak at noon;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarries in that cooling tent.

Let me, also, cheer a nook,  
Place for friendly bread and book—  
Place where passing souls can rest  
On the way and be their best.

EDWIN MARKHAM



## HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
On the mountain dawns the day;  
All the jolly chase is here,  
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear!  
Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;  
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”



Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
The mist has left the mountain grey,  
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,  
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
And foresters have busy been,  
To track the buck in thicket green;  
Now we come to chant our lay,  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
To the greenwood haste away;  
We can show you where he lies,  
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;  
We can show the marks he made,  
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;  
You shall see him brought to bay—  
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,  
Run a course as well as we;  
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?  
Think of this, and rise with day,  
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

SIR WALTER SCOTT



## ROMANCE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.  
I will make a palace fit for you and me,  
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



## A SONG OF SHERWOOD\*

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?  
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,  
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,  
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again; all his merry thieves  
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June;  
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,

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Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist  
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,  
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;  
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house  
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs;  
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,  
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!  
Marian is waiting; is Robin Hood asleep?  
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,  
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,  
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,  
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together  
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.  
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.





Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.  
All the heart of England hid in every rose  
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,  
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old  
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,  
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,  
*Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?*

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen  
All across the glades of fern he call his merry men—  
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer; from aisles of oak and ash  
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,  
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,  
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

*Robin! Robin! Robin!* All his merry thieves  
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES



## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!



So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.  
No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS

## GATES AND DOORS

### *A Ballad of Christmas Eve*

There was a gentle hostler  
(And blessed be his name)  
He opened up the stable  
The night Our Lady came.  
Our Lady and St. Joseph,  
He gave them food and bed,

And Jesus Christ has given him  
A glory round his head.

*So let the gate swing open  
However poor the yard,  
Lest weary people visit you  
And find their passage barred.*



*Unlatch the door at midnight  
And let your lantern's glow  
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet  
To you across the snow.*

There was a courteous hostler  
(He is in Heaven to-night)  
He held Our Lady's bridle  
And helped her to alight.



He spread clean straw before her  
Whereon she might lie down,  
And Jesus Christ has given him  
An everlasting crown.

*Unlock the door this evening  
And let your gate swing wide,  
Let all who ask for shelter  
Come speedily inside.  
What if your yard be narrow?  
What if your house be small?  
There is a Guest is coming  
Will glorify it all.*

There was a joyous hostler  
Who knelt on Christmas morn  
Beside the radiant manger  
Wherein his Lord was born.  
His heart was full of laughter,  
His soul was full of bliss  
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,  
Gave him His hand to kiss.

*Unbar your heart this evening  
And keep no stranger out,  
Take from your soul's great portal  
The barrier of doubt.*



*To humble folk and weary  
Give hearty welcoming,  
Your breast shall be to-morrow  
The cradle of a King.*

JOYCE KILMER

## AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,  
He heard an angel sing,  
"This night shall be the birthnight  
Of Christ our heavenly King.

"His birth-bed shall be neither  
In housen nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of paradise,  
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rockèd  
In silver nor in gold,  
But in the wooden manger  
That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen  
With white wine nor with red,  
But with the fair spring water  
That on you shall be shed.

“He neither shall be clothèd  
In purple nor in pall,  
But in the fair, white linen  
That usen babies all.”

As Joseph was a-walking,  
Thus did the angel sing,  
And Mary’s son at midnight  
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,  
At this time of the year;  
And light you up your candles,  
For His star it shineth clear.

UNKNOWN





## A CHRISTMAS CAROL

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When he comes to reign:





In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for Him, whom angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air;  
But only His mother  
In her maiden bliss  
Worshipped the Beloved  
With a kiss.

What can I give him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,

---

If I were a Wise Man  
I would do my part,—  
Yet what I can I give Him,  
Give my heart.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI





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